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## SONG OF THE WRECK.

The wind blew high, the waters raved,  
A ship drove on the land,  
A hundred human creatures saved  
Kneeling down upon the sand.  
Threescore were drowned, threescore were thrown.

Upon the black rocks wild,  
And thus among them, left alone,  
They found one helpless child.

A seaman rough, to shipwreck bred,  
Stood out from all the rest,  
And gently laid the lonely head  
Upon his honest breast,  
And traveling o'er the desert wide  
It was a solemn joy  
To see them, ever side by side,  
The sailor and the boy.

In famine, sickness, hunger, thirst,  
The two were still but one,  
Until the strong dropped the first  
And felt his labors done.  
Then to a treaty friend he spoke:  
"Across the desert wide,  
O take this poor boy for my sake!"  
And kiss'd the child and died.

Tolling along in weary plight  
Through heavy jungle, mire,  
These two came later every night  
To warm them at the fire.  
Until the Captain said one day,  
"O seaman, good and kind,  
To save thyself now come away  
And leave the child behind!"

The child was slumbering near the blaze;  
"O Captain, let him rest  
Until it suits when God's own ways  
Shall teach us what is best."  
They watch'd the whiten'd ash heap,  
Then touch'd the child in vain,  
They did not leave him there asleep,  
He never woke again.

—Charles Dickens.

## TWO STRANGE DUELS.

How Seven Furies Fought in an Indian Arena.

Poplar River, Montana, was recently the scene of two exciting Indian contests, which are described in a letter to the New York Sun. The first was a tournament between two "medicine men," to determine who should have the honor of attending the sick wife of Two Bears, the chief.

The mode of fighting was for the two rivals to rush at each other from one hundred-yard distances, and to endeavor by the crash of the meeting to send the opponent to the ground. After each terrific "bump" the "medicine men" would at it again. Finally, one of them went reeling to earth, and stole crestfallen to his lodge, while the victor went with honors to the chief's sick wife. Following this was the fight between the four young daughters of Pole-cat, and a young buck who had assaulted one of their number. The scene is thus described by the correspondent: "The lines are broken and the tribe forms a huge ring, into which the savage who provoked the animosity of the Pole-cat family is summarily thrust. He looks sullen and dogged. He has a hard fight before him, and he knows it, but he is a man of his hands, and he means to wear those girls out if it lies in muscle and prompt and effective work. He may strike them anywhere above the breast, and kill them if a blow in the neck will do it, but bullets and arrows are ready for him if he strikes foul. The girls, on the other hand, must take off his apron. If they accomplish that, he is disgraced to the uttermost moment of his life, driven from his tribe, left to starve on the prairie, and all Indians cautioned against harboring, feeding, or associating with him. The injured woman is allowed to have as many squaws as she may select to assist her. But if she chooses too many to effect her purpose it is a disgrace to her, and so she is careful to select only enough to make the battle nearly equal. The Pole-cat girls are the belles of the Yanktonian tribe. If a squaw can be pretty, these girls are beautiful, and by virtue of their attractions and their father's possessions in horses and other satisfactory property, they are the aristocrats of the camp. Perhaps for that reason they ask no help in their present undertaking; and for that reason also, perhaps, their savage sisters giggle and exchange whispers as the four girls step into the ring and approach the waiting buck. All five are in full war paint. Down the hunter's cheeks and along his neck are alternate sepia and green and yellow stripes on a background of brilliant red, while his chest, sides, and back are tricked out with rude pictures of guns, bows, and horses. The girls have smeared their faces with a coating of red, over which lies another of green striped with yellow. Their hair is unfettered at the back, and the front locks are braided with otter fur. Each wears a skirt and leggings, but their blankets are laid aside, and their muscular brown arms are displayed. They are a pretty picture, but they are not a picture to love."

off the rest. She is the general of the attacking forces and the prime object of his attack. Over she goes like a pin-wheel, but she is up again, her face streaming with blood and her eyes swelling. The elder girl has contrived to secure a waist hold, and locked her hands behind his back. His fists fall upon her upturned face with frightful force, but she keeps her hold. The other two girls are pressing him hard from behind, but his elbows work like battering-rams, and one steps back with her hand pressed tightly to her breast, and a look of agony in her eyes. Now he whirls suddenly, planting ponderous blows upon the face and head of the girl, who, on her knees, still clings to his waist with a death-grip. He fairly raises her from the ground as he spins, but her hold never relaxes. His earlier victim again dashes at him, and is rewarded with a crashing stroke on the mouth. She reels, but recovers, and darts again, to receive his fist on her neck with a force that whirls her half a dozen paces off and drops her like a log. Not a word is spoken. The thud of his fists and the heavy breathing of the struggling contestants are the only sounds. The last rally of the prostrate girl has enabled the rear party to catch the buck, and one has twined her arms around his neck, while the other hangs to his right wrist. His left hand is still free, and it fairly twinkles in the air as he batters the maiden at his waist. Her grasp is like iron, but her head reels and sways as his heavy hand falls on it with a noise that reaches the farthest side of the irregular ring. Her eyes are closed, and her breath comes convulsively. Were the fourth girl there to grasp that arm, the fight would soon end. The girl behind is choking him, and he employs new tactics. Grasping the kneeling girl by the throat, he pounds the face of the one behind him with the back of his hand. No vanity prompts her to let go. She tightens her grip, and buries her face in the back of his neck. The fourth girl is up, staggering and dazed. Brushing the blood from her eyes, with an angry motion, she approaches him, crouching as she moves. If the blow he has in store for her reaches the mark he will have another chance, for the girl at his waist is growing faint, and he can easily dispose of the other two. She comes at him like a cougar. The blow is delivered full upon her breast, but she grasps his wrist, and writhes up his arm. Now he is beset with danger. The two on his arms and the one at his waist pull him forward; the girl behind, still strangling him, throws her weight on his back. In vain he attempts to straighten. The kneeling girl bends, in her despairing struggle, until her hair hangs on the ground. The other three show the muscles rigid in their arms as they press him down upon their kneeling sister. Suddenly he springs back with a marvelous effort of strength. The fainting girl at his waist finds her hands torn apart. But that triumph was his defeat. With a crash he comes to the ground, three girls upon him. One plants herself upon his face, and the other two kneel on his arms. There is a struggle, and then the youngest rises, with a wild yell, waving the apron in her hand. Her yell is echoed by low a moan, as the mother of the prostrate hunter staggers out of the circle; and by a grunt of satisfaction as Pole-cat recognizes the victory of his girls. To-morrow, somewhere up the river, that disgraced buck will be found with a bullet in his brain."

## Feminine Brevities.

Wrinkles disfigure a woman less than ill nature.—Dupuy.

Woman is an idol that man worships, until he throws it down.

Women always love; when earth slips from them they take refuge in heaven.

There is no torture that a woman would not suffer to enhance her beauty.—Montaigne.

The whisper of a beautiful woman can be heard farther than the loudest call of duty.

Of all things that man possesses women alone take pleasure in being possessed.—Malherbe.

More promising than love is the love of a woman.

Woman among savages is a beast of burden; in Asia she is a piece of furniture; in Europe she is a spoiled child.—Senac de Meilhan.

The highest mark of esteem a woman can give a man is to ask his friendship; and the most signal proof of her indifference is to offer him hers.

Men are so fearful of wounding a woman's vanity that they rarely remember that she may by some possibility possess a grain of common sense.—Miss Braddon.

At twenty man is less a lover of woman than of women; he is more in love with the sex than with the individual, however charming she may be.—Retif de la Bretonne.

Women of the world never use harsh expressions when condemning their rivals. Like the savage, they hurl elegant arrows, ornamented with feathers of purple and azure, but with poisoned points.

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